

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.
BY THE DISPATCH COMPANY.

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UP-TOWN OFFICE, BROAD-STREET
PHARMACY, 519 EAST BROAD
STREET.
MANCHESTER OFFICE, 1203 HULL
STREET.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

We have to deny our employees their
usual Christmas holiday this year, and
the Dispatch will appear as usual to-mor-
row.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

In the ideal country, which is fairer
than any dream of Utopia, and more
wisely regulated than any republic of
Plato's, Christmas is a season full of
delightful expectation upon the part of
childhood and is crowded with fragrant
memories on the part of their elders.

There the checks and balances of life
are rightly adjusted with the teachings
of Him for whose birth the stars sang
together and to worship whom the Magi
made their pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

There the extremes of poverty and
wealth do not exist; yet, as of old, when
to one man was given ten talents and to
another five and to another one, so there,
too, some are more blessed with worldly
possessions than others. But it is the
custom of the rich and well-to-do to
look after the welfare of their less for-
tunate neighbors, and to make their
Christmas a season of good cheer, so
that in the songs and salutations of the
morning there may be an unbroken
chorus of happy voices. It is a land
where youth rejoices in life's prospect
and where the hoary locks of age con-
stitute a crown that is revered by all.

The season is one that calls for the
reunion of families; for the dressing of
houses with holly and mistletoe, cedar,
and ivy; for present-giving where cost
is not the measure of value, but the mo-
tive everything—a season for mirth that
elevates, and feasting that does not de-
bauch.

There, too, Santa Claus is known. The
fight against his reign is over and for-
gotten. And for weeks before Christ-
mas it is the chiefest care of each
mother to be the means of successful
communication between him and her lit-
tle ones. Well she remembers her own
childhood days, and the sainted woman
into whose patient ears she listened her
hopes and fears, nor once reproaches her
for the "deception" practiced. It would
not be an ideal land if there were chil-
dren there with no mother, nor aunt,
nor sister, nor mother, nor plan for
the hanging up of the stockings and the
coming of Santa Claus. So all are pro-
vided for, and Christmas morning comes
when childish glee is heard amid whir-
ls of snow and merry peals of church bells,
and rockets rending the air and "bab-
y-makers" shaking the earth. Oh, happy
and never-to-be-forgotten scene. Across
the waste of years it will revisit memory,
recalling faces that have long since in-
faded with the mould and awakening
fancies that grow sweeter with receding
distance.

And then, in the ideal homes of the
ideal land, there is family worship and
many there who also attend church
services on this day; services where all
hearts and voices are attuned in ex-
ultation and praise of the Heavenly King.
Next, each family gathers around its
board, and there is no lack. Not a fam-
ily is without its turkey; none without a
Christmas pie. Nor is the spirit of
thankfulness to God absent; but every-
where it prevails along with good cheer
and decent merriment. To youth much
latitude is given for the enjoyment of
innocent sports, but it is well understood
that none is privileged to abuse the
liberty of the day. Nor do any find
pleasure in "discomforting others," and
equal consideration is evinced for sick
and nervous people. Nor are there any
brawls or wrangles, but all keep in mind
the duty that is due to the Prince of
Peace. So, too, old quarrels are com-
posed and new friendships cemented, as
becomes the followers of Him who came
proclaiming peace on earth and good will
toward men.

Thus Christmas passes. Thus the re-
ligious lesson of the day is blended with
its social memories; thus hearts are
opened to charity and hands set to good
works; thus another milestone is passed
on life's journey and one group of travel-
ers which all must tread as another group
is about to leave it—leave it for home; a
home not made with hands, but
believed in the preacher who preach-
es over and over in favor of lofty ideals.
All human accomplishment falls so very
far short of what it should be that he
who is satisfied with a mediocre ideal

will never rise very high in thought or
work. Let us, therefore, think of what
Christmas ought to be—what it might
be—if we were really true disciples of
Him for whom the day is celebrated. Let
us mend all that is bad and cultivate all
that is good in our observance of the
season, and may the Merry Christmas
that we wish all to have be followed by
none but pleasant recollections.

GERMANY IN CHINA.

Although Great Britain and Russia ap-
pear to be seeking to form opposing
combinations for dealing with the latest
phase of the far East question, they con-
cur in criticizing Germany's seizure of
Kiao-Chau bay as a grab game, and in
endeavoring to place upon Germany the
responsibility for the alleged necessity for
commencing a partition of the
Flowery Kingdom. That the German
performance at Kiao-Chau bay was de-
cidedly on the grab order is not to be
denied, but of all the European Powers,
Great Britain and Russia, especially the
former, ought to be the most modest in
making invidious remarks about such a
policy.

For generations Russian and British
history has been the history of grabbing.
Under the euphemistic characterization of
"expansion" or "extending sphere of
influence," Russia has been systematically
grabbing in Southeastern Europe and Cen-
tral Asia, and Great Britain has, in an
equally systematic manner, been grabbing
pretty much all over the world. As to
the particular matter of their criticism
of Germany's grab in China, it is very
suggestive of the wolf's charge against
the lamb, in that little matter of mud-
ding the stream.

When we come down to the real facts
in the case, Hong-Kong, where the Brit-
ish have been planted ever since 1841,
represents a British "grab," pure and
simple, and the occupation of Port
Arthur by the Russians is in the same
category, seeing that the latter means
the closing of an enforced option. So far,
from Germany's having created a
necessity for the partition of China, if,
indeed, such a necessity has really been
created, the boot is on the other leg.
If the taking by Germany of a little slice
of the Celestial Empire shall necessitate
the dividing up of that empire, the re-
sponsibility for the division will run back
to Great Britain and Russia. In raising
her flag over Chinese territory, Germany
has only followed the example of these
two Powers. She has only taken a step
it has been foreseen for some time Rus-
sian and British policy in the far East
would, sooner or later, in view of her ex-
panding trade, force her to take.

The Journal and Courier of New Haven
gives these statistics of recent murders,
murder-trials, and hangings in Connecti-
cut: "Fuda and Impussing have just been
hanged in the State prison for the murder
of Mrs. Fuda at East Norwalk, last
February. Charles Bonal was convicted
last Friday of the murder of George M.
Nichols, in the township of Trumbull,
last summer. Weeks, his assistant, is to
be tried soon. Herman Sachs is on trial
for the murder of Bert L. Hotchkiss, in
Killingworth, last summer. A few days
ago an old negro, Peter Winston, in
Windsor, was clubbed to death, and his
murderers are under arrest. On Wednes-
day night, at Stamford, one Demarco
killed his two uncles with a sharpened
file. Friday night David Lambert, a
farmer in Wilton, was killed in his own
house by masked robbers."

In view of this exhibit, we hope that
our Connecticut contemporaries will have
the good taste to refrain from comment-
ing too severely upon the "low state of
civilization in the South."

Foreign advices describe a remarkable
and significant demonstration which took
place recently in the National Theatre
at Lemberg on the occasion of the twen-
ty-fifth performance of Smetana's Czech
opera, "Die verkaufte Braut." The whole
Polish opera company assembled on
the stage, and the orchestra played the
Czech national hymn amid enthusiastic
cheering. The following telegraphic
message was received from the Burgo-
master of Prague: "Hearty fraternal
greetings to our Polish brothers. May
Smetana's music contribute to strengthen
the bonds that unite the Polish nation
with the Czechs. The solidarity of the
Slavs will lead us to victory. Persevere!"

When this dispatch had been read, the
orchestra played the Polish anthem,
"The Cause of Poland is Not Yet Lost,"
whereupon cries of "Long live Poland!"
and "Hurrahs for the Czechs!" were
raised by the audience.

The Great Salt Lake, of Utah, is
seventy miles long and fifty miles wide
in its widest part, with a present max-
imum depth of 40 feet, though much of its
area does not exceed from twelve to
twenty. Its water is said not to be so
salt as formerly. The theory is sup-
ported by an examination of the waters
of numerous springs, which used to
pour pure brine into the lake, the out-
flow of many of them being now quite
fresh, as if they had exhausted the un-
derground deposits of salt, of which they
were formerly the solvent and carrying
vehicle.

They seem anxious in Europe to make
us take part in that smashing of China,
but they will have their labor for their
pains. We are still avoiding entangling
alliances, but at the same time it is
gratifying to observe that our real im-
portance in the world is at last being
importance to dawn on the consciousness of our
censorious elder brethren beyond the At-
lantic.

The late Dr. Thomas W. Evans, of
Paris, left \$3,000,000, it appears, to a dental
institute which he proposed to establish
in Philadelphia, but which he did not es-
tablish, and which, therefore, has no ex-
istence. The question is, therefore, what
will become of the \$3,000,000? The law-
yers will probably be best able to answer,
in the end.

And now Mrs. Rorer, the alleged cook,
who first lectured in the South recently,
and then went to her home in the North
and lectured the South, now comes to the
front, and says oysters should not be
eaten. We wonder what in the world
she thinks they were made for?

It is announced that, in the opinion of
New York financiers, the Morgan plan of
combining the coal interests will insure
the prosperity of all the anthracite roads.
But how about the prosperity of coal
consumers?

"Mr. Greatsinger, who bought an entire
Texas town in one lump, must be a
bird."—Dallas News.—A high-flyer, evi-
dently.

The trading stamp serves, at least, to
prove again that one cannot reasonably
expect to get something for nothing.

THE PENSION FRAUDS.

A special from Washington says that
"in view of the disclosures of pension
frauds as practiced in New York, it is
not improbable that Congress will look
into the action of the administration in
refusing to make public the names on the
pension roll, and legislation may be en-
acted directing the Secretary of the
Treasury and the Commissioner of Pen-
sions to make the pension roll accessible
to the public."

Pension-Commissioner Evans, in his
annual report, recommended strongly the
publication of the pension rolls and the
posting of them in public places, but this
recommendation, we are told, was an-
tagonized by the Secretary of the Interior
and other powers that be at Washington.

The carrying out of the Commissioner's
recommendation would be a most practi-
cal step in the matter of waking up the
people to a realization of the extent of the
pension frauds, and of the impositions
upon the tax-payers the present pension
system involves. It would afford them
evidence on which to base a demand for
radical reform that could not be resisted.

But will Congress, when it comes to
the pinch, consent to the exposure? We
doubt it. Publication of the pension rolls
would show up too many politicians as
particeps criminis in fraudulent frauds and
weaken too many political fences.

None the less, there is hope of reform.
As we have pointed out on several occa-
sions recently, many of the leading pa-
pers of the North and West are ringing
the changes upon the enormous amount
of money appropriated for pensions and
the number of unworthy and fraudulent
pensioners on the list, and there is evi-
dence that the tax-payers are getting
very restive under this double imposition.

There is evidence, indeed, that sooner or
later the question of reforming the whole
business will become a burning one.

West-End School Assembly.

The pupils of West-End school had ar-
ranged to have their annual Christmas
assembly on Christmas-evening, but pre-
sented by Santa Claus with a "non-
sense" of the new year, and the school
was closed for the day.

The following programme was re-
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Recitation, "How We Spent Xmas,"
Mrs. Gaskins.
"Santa Claus is Coming, Hurrah! Hur-
rah!" by pupils of Fifth Primary.

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"Maryland," "Virginia," "Givine Three
Cheers for the Star-Spangled Banner,"
and "Givine 'Tis of Thee,"
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(Written for the Dispatch.)
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hearts feel light;
Something in our hearts to-day makes
our faces bright;
And once again the angels' voices ring,
As each century's watch-fires burning,
Hear again the angels' chime
On that blessed Christmas time—

"Peace on earth, good will towards
men"
(Message of God's love).
Hear the angels sing again
From the Throne above;
Love, the watch-word of all creation;
Love, the key of all our joy;
Love, the light by which we see—
Only bondage of the free.

And we see beam through the dark,
Unobscured by years,
Star of Bethlehem, blessed spark,
Star of love, that knows no ceasing;
Light of love, forever increasing;
Guide and compass, light and love,
From the darkness into morn.

As the wise men did of old,
Journeying from afar,
We would find Thy humble fold,
Guided by Thy star.
Joyfully would we kneel before Thee,
Holy Saviour, to adore Thee.
As the wise men did of old,
Searching out Thy humble fold.

Smithfield, Va.
Mother Love.
(Pall Mall Gazette.)
If I might build a palace fair
With every joy of soul and sense,
And at my heart's desire there
To guard your happy innocence;
If I might plant a hedge too strong
For creeping sorrows to devour your feet,
And find my whole life not too long
To give to you my hedge for feet.

If I could teach the laden air
To bear no sounds that were not sweet,
Could teach the earth that only fair,
Untrodden ground, to receive your feet,
Would I not tear the secret soil,
Where all your griefs lie closely curled,
And give you little of all the world?
Of all the joys of all the world?

But ah, I have no skill to raise
The palace, teach the laden air
To bear no sounds that were not sweet,
By common paths your dear feet go;
And you must twine, of common flowers,
And bear, in desolate darkened hours,
The common griefs that all men bear.

The plums of my love I fold,
Your little shoulders close about;
Ah! could my love keep out the cold,
Or shut the creeping sorrows out,
Rough paths will wear your darling feet,
Gray skies will weep your tears above,
While round you life, in torment bent,
The impatient wings of mother love!

Christmas.
(For the Dispatch.)
It is not a little remarkable how one
day in the year can be made to glow
and shine among all other days, and
have a life of its own. When we think
of it, or are spending it, our pulse beats
at an unusual rate; our hearts throb
more quickly; our imagination is excited;
our brain is heated. We are, to all in-
tents and purposes, delightfully feverish,
and that, too, while the brow is serene and
the countenance suffused with happy
smiles. However, it may be on Thanks-
giving-Day elsewhere, we know what a
peculiarly beautiful life is that of the
merry Christmas with us. In a Vir-
ginia household Christmas-Day is the
focus on which all the rays of domestic
love and light-centre; to which all other
days refer, and why should it not be
brilliant and shine with intense light
and heat?

Horns and popcracks are very "bar-
barous," but they are exciting, stirring,
and in tune with our feelings. Chorus
of welcome to the Babe of Bethlehem
bring back and awaken the songs of the
angels. Songs of triumph and exultation
will give glory to the new-born King.
But all sorts must give utterance to their
joyful feelings, such as they are—some in
one way, some in another. Yet, however
it be, whatever be the noise, it means
joy and gladness and good cheer, and the
whole community is possessed with its
influence. The sounds are eloquent, and
tell of full and happy and rejoicing
hearts. And all are obeying the prophe-
tic order of near 3,000 years ago: "Cry
out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion;
for great is the Holy One that is with
thee." And can it be that the ex-
citing, enraptured, joyous Christmas
is only an old custom from time im-
memorial sprung from a myth: a relic of
heathenism? Is the story of Bethlehem
only a fable? Who is prepared suddenly to
change that upon a Christian community;
upon an enlightened world? The fires,
the joys, the delights, the true loves, the
true humanities of Christmas make the
sceptic ashamed of himself. He charges
the hypocrites, the vices, the crimes, and
all the still continuing works of the
devil upon the Church of Christ and ac-
cused the patience, the forbearance, the
long suffering of the Almighty to his
weakness and goes off to hide himself
from its triumphs. Away with his folly!
To the place of weeping and gnashing of
teeth!

If the joys of the nativity are all fancy-
work—what beautiful work are they?
How wonderfully delightful, if they are
only true! What a splendid story; how
charming the account of the birth of
Christ! How full of glory! Can the world
conceive of anything better, or more de-
sirable, than the Christian covenant? A
new birth and childhood for disgraced
humanity! But just suppose that all that
is told of Christ, of His gifts to the
world, of His promise of Heaven—just
suppose all to be authentic, true, and real,
and how shall we measure the bless-
ing and value of it? Surely the Church
of Heaven! It is well for us, in this
season, that is peculiarly Christ's: When
as a babe He appeals to us. It is well
now instinctively, with all the world,
like happy children, to receive His de-
lightfulness and to be joyful. But it is
the new beginning of life, with re-
newed youth, as new-born babes, with
single, pure hearts, in the sweetest
surrender of the general resurrection
at the last day and the life of the world
to come, that we can have most truly,
and most profoundly enjoy A Merry
Christmas.

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As each century's watch-fires burning,
Hear again the angels' chime
On that blessed Christmas time—

"Peace on earth, good will towards
men"
(Message of God's love).
Hear the angels sing again
From the Throne above;
Love, the watch-word of all creation;
Love, the key of all our joy;
Love, the light by which we see—
Only bondage of the free.

And we see beam through the dark,
Unobscured by years,
Star of Bethlehem, blessed spark,
Star of love, that knows no ceasing;
Light of love, forever increasing;
Guide and compass, light and love,
From the darkness into morn.

As the wise men did of old,
Journeying from afar,
We would find Thy humble fold,
Guided by Thy star.
Joyfully would we kneel before Thee,
Holy Saviour, to adore Thee.
As the wise men did of old,
Searching out Thy humble fold.

Smithfield, Va.
Mother Love.
(Pall Mall Gazette.)
If I might build a palace fair
With every joy of soul and sense,
And at my heart's desire there
To guard your happy innocence;
If I might plant a hedge too strong
For creeping sorrows to devour your feet,
And find my whole life not too long
To give to you my hedge for feet.

If I could teach the laden air
To bear no sounds that were not sweet,
Could teach the earth that only fair,
Untrodden ground, to receive your feet,
Would I not tear the secret soil,
Where all your griefs lie closely curled,
And give you little of all the world?
Of all the joys of all the world?